THE

DOG'S MONITOR,

A

SATIRICAL POEM.

DOCTOR'S MONITOR.

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A

SATIRICAL POEM.

IN WHICH ARE EXHIBITED MORE CHARACTERS THAN ONE:

CONTAINING ALSO

SOME SEASONABLE ADVICE FROM AN UNFORTUNATE MAGPYE,

TO THE RIGHT R------D

THE L--D B-SH-P OF D---Y.

By MAJOR HENRY WALLER.

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DOG'S MONITOR.

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SATIRICAL POEM.

IN WHICH ARE EXHIBITED MORE CHARACTERS THAN ONE.

TO THE READER.

To the candid Reader.

WHEN it firſt came into the author's mind to offer this little hiſtory to the public, he was of opinion that the ſimple narrative of the fact itſelf might prove moſt ſatisfactory to ſuch as ſhould honour it with their peruſal, without being aware that it would appear too ſhort for a ſeparate publication. Having by accident therefore heard that ſuch a ſentence has been paſſed by many upon the firſt, he has in this ſecond edition added (or rather intermixed,) ſuch thoughts as have ſince occurred to him upon the ſubject. At the ſame time he flatters himſelf that the freſh matter which is here introduced, will not render the Tale of Avaro and Tray leſs affecting.

One thing he can aſſure the reader of, "his intention is good;" and he further begs leave to aſſure the critics of all denominations, that he is ſtrictly of the following opinion:

"*Immundo* carmine, Sol eſto teſtis!
"Vix ſævit ſuper orbe major peſtis."

TO THE CANDID READER.

WHEN in print I gave this publication to the world, my only motive was to lay before the public, the whole of the transactions relative to the unfortunate affair between Mr. Hastings and Mr. Francis, as I conceived it would be a satisfaction to the latter, to have the whole of the proceedings on record, and as I was then in the country, I had no opportunity of correcting the press, which I am sensible is very incorrect, but as I have since returned to town, I have had the whole of the sheets carefully revised, and have taken the opportunity of correcting the errors of the press, which I hope will be found very few.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THE PUBLISHER.

PROEMIUM.

FORTISSIMIS est opus manibus,
Sævis contendere cum canibus.

Per menses singulos censores!
Judicü publici ductores!
Quanquam ob opus meum primum
Laté in me sparsistis limum;
Et me calcâstis inhumani
Nomine falso *Anglicani*!
Multis haud dubiis signis noti,
Linguæ *Barbarié* et *Scoti*!
Aspicite! hic adsum rursus:
En! iterum produco versus.

Opuſculum hoc ſine cura
Scripſi, ſpiravit ut natura;
Propterea quod ſcriptum ſit,
" Poeta naſcitur, non fit."
Vobiſcum itaque relinquo
Menſe *ſecari* in propinquo;
His antea auditis verbis,
Cum aliis minus non acerbis.
" Nullam ſecutus auctor normam,
" Neque decorem, neque formam
" Exhibuit; ingenii luſus
" Impotens valdé, et obtuſus.
" Scriptor ineptus eſt, et ſtultus;
" Maneat libellulus ſepultus:
" In omni peccat contra mores,
" Nec continet pars ulla flores:
" Aſſem non cuiquam valeat emptú,
" Et habeatur in contemptu."
Damnabit ſingula vox levis,
Aut manibus occidar ſævis!

Pro ſe nec ſæpé turba putat,
Sed vobis ſibilat, aut nutat.
Æris non pectora inclinam,
Neque vitabo libitinam.
Videbitis, Magiſtri *Menſes!*
Quod nos mutavimus hic enſes,

Si vobis plus benignum Numen
Dedit ingenii acumen,
Et *pseudo-Anglicis* bitumen;
Esto: cantate, et gaudete
Casu *caniculi* poetæ.

Non sese præbuere tales
Qui appellantur *Criticales*;
Talem inductus et in curiam,
Non ego timeam injuriam.
Pauci si acres, et hirsuti,
Plures clementiâ induti,
Oro! porrigite erratis
Manus; ignoscite peccatis!
Sic fiam posthác non ignotus;
Sic forsitan non peream totus.
Quid? si cum *Fratre Flacco* gloriar,
Exclamans hæc, "Non omnis moriar!"
Vestris favete cum auspiciis;
Nam nemo nascitur sine vitiis.

Sed, si sententia vestra eat
Contra me, quantumcumque queat;
Si cor pœniteat *Avari*,
Aut plus invenientur rari;
Humanitatis arma gerens,
Hostem benevolentiæ quærens,

Telum conjiciens ingratis,
Opinar me ſcripſiſſe ſatis.
Vos, artis judices ſublimæ,
Huc ferte, huc, laborem limæ!

FACILE QUIS SPERET IDEM.

ONCE on a time, in ſearch of prey,
(It's no great matter on what day;
For, you will find out in a trice,
'Twas winter, and that there was ice:
Though now the ſeaſons are ſo chang'd,
And nature ſeems ſo much derang'd,
That oft on BOREAS' rough wing
We have it brought to us in ſpring:)
With gun in hand AVARO went,
And heart on ſlaughter fore intent;
When, croſſing either pond or well,
The ice gave way, and in he fell.

For

For words, I own, I'm at a loſs,
To tell how it got laid acroſs;
Or to deſcribe a thing ſo ſerious
In terms *ſufficiently myſterious*:
But, ſuddenly, plumb down he popp'd,
Or perpendicularly dropp'd,
And by his chin he got ſupported
On the machine with which he ſported:
Or, if you think the ſenſe is mended,
We will ſuppoſe him chin-ſuſpended.

It's not unfit, that you ſhould know
The pond was ſilver'd o'er with ſnow;
For, otherwiſe, AVARO's care
Would never have let *him* be there;
Though to the devil he'd have ſold
Himſelf and family for gold.

This, ſurely, then, is no reflection
Upon his want of circumſpection;
For, in all dealings with mankind
He thought *he* ſaw, and they were blind.

Chin deep, behold AVARO ſunk!
The fiſh ſurvey'd him in a funk;
And, could they ſpeak, they'd ſay he ſtunk.
Hopeleſs his wretched life to ſave;
Encompas'd in a freezing grave,

As not one human being croſs'd,
He gave himſelf quite up for loſt:
Nor were there ſubject for much woe,
Had the caſe ſtood exactly ſo:
My ſentiments, at leaſt, are ſuch,
And you and I ſhan't differ much.

So it had been, had not poor TRAY
With eager footſteps trudg'd away,
And, entering at EUGENIO's door,
Thrown himſelf down upon the floor,
Juſt at his feet, with doleful moan,
By which he ſought hard to make known
The ſtate and terrible diſaſter
In which he left his lord and maſter.
Cloſe by him, in enliv'ning chat,
EUGENIO's lov'd companion ſat,
Where, in full luſtre, were combin'd
Beauty and dignity of mind:
Of all accompliſhments the pattern,
Like thy fair nymph, oh COLNE! bright CATH'RINE:
Thrice happy they who ſo accoſt her;
With rev'rence we'll call her P-ST-R.
Such is her image, who once ſtole
The wiſhes of ALCANDER's ſoul;
Such ſhe, thine too, oh SEARLE! now ſtealing,
By every charm moſt heavenly, K--L--G!

Chide not, ſhould rhyme reveal each name,
Nor this my warmth of friendſhip blame!
Of each coeval with the fire,
I'll not preſume to call it fire,
But ſtill, that portion which you ſhare,
Equals a tender father's care.

How rich that love muſt be, poſſeſs'd,
Whoſe fancy only makes us bleſt!
In thee he ſaw, oh beauteous FLORA;
The early bluſhes of AURORA,
With all thoſe graces, which adorn
And dignify the riſing morn;
Nor did thy gazing lover ſtay
To parch, beyond thy riper day.
Happy, he took thee, faireſt flower!
To his own calm and peaceful bower:
In that ſecure, and bleſt retreat,
With rapture he inhal'd each ſweet
Thy ſpreading bloſſoms would diffuſe
O'er him, whom thou did'ſt deign to chuſe.
Thy lily boſom would diſcloſe
More fragrance than than the new blown roſe:
He from thy balmy lips would drink
The dewy nectar of the pink,
Or more ambroſial, ſweeter far,
If any ſweeter flow'rs there are.

Hard

Hard fate! ſuch exquiſite repaſt,
And joys ſo great, no longer laſt;
But, now arriv'd at life's decline,
Still in his fancy doſt thou ſhine,
And, in the evening of his days
Thou art the ſubject of his lays!
All other altars he forſook,
His pots of myrrh and incenſe broke,
Nor of his vow did he repent;
For virtue could not loſe it's ſcent;
FLORA now yields a ſweet perfume,
Which time itſelf cannot conſume;
Behold her in yon *garden* blow,
And with eternal colours glow.

She danc'd, ſhe drew, ſhe ſang, ſhe play'd,
With equal ſkill, as when a maid:
Deſire to pleaſe was full as urging
When ſhe was wife, as when a virgin;
Her mind ſhe day by day improv'd,
To bleſs the only man ſhe lov'd:
Beſt gift that providence could give:
All that could make man wiſh to live!
Grant Heav'n, that they, love's force who feel,
Who ſigh, at beauties ſhrine to kneel,
Be not condemn'd to quit this ſtage,
Mourning or poverty, or age!

Such to have ſeen, *ſuch* forc'd to leave,
What can be left them, but to grieve,
Or, rather, curſe their cruel lot,
Which led to the enchanting ſpot,
Where muſic's ſpells, where learning's pride,
True taſte and elegance reſide?
Tell me, incomparable KATE!
Who would not die for ſuch a mate?

Spoke you of grief? immediate roſe
The ſigh, the tear, for human woes:
Gladneſs would ſparkle in her eye
Whene'er ſhe could another's dry:
Long, long hereafter, virtuous BAB!
Be this engrav'd upon thy ſlab;
" Fit conſort for the beſt of men!
" Fit ſubject for an angel's pen!
" In her pure breaſt compaſſion dwelt,
" And, for another's dog ſhe felt!"

What ails thee, boy? EUGENIO cries,
Seeing TRAY lift his ſpeaking eyes,
And bade his ſervant quickly fetch
Some meat, to feed the half-ſtarv'd wretch:
Alas, poor fellow! what's the matter?
Stay here with us; we'll make you fatter:
I'm fearful, from your ſlender plight,
You meet too much contempt and ſlight.

In

In vain they make the gen'rous proffer;
The dog refuses all they offer:
He takes no notice of the meat;
But fawns and licks ROGERIO's feet;
Then, patting him upon the toe,
Pointed the way he wish'd to go.
This is no falshood which I swore;
He pull'd ROGERIO by the coat,
And, by the hanging of his tail,
Seem'd some misfortune to bewail.

Sure! says the good man, this is more
Than ever dog express'd before,
And, though its cold, and growing late,
I'll watch him, and his motions wait.
But, as it happens now, that we
Who boast so much of liberty,
Seldom can stir out in an eve,
For fear of men who skulk and thieve;
Nor Diligencies go a yard
On turnpike roads without a guard;
He judg'd right well, that at a distance
There might be need of some assistance:
So, giving all his men the hollo,
He left the house, and bade them follow.
Robbers we mean not to define
By those who watch the sun's decline,

Then ſally forth, with blunderbuſſes,
To take our watches, and our purſes,
Or ſometimes frighten *Country Dick*
With an old iron candleſtick:
For, there are ſome ſo truly daring,
They ſpoil us whilſt the ſun is glaring;
Thoſe too amongſt the rich and great;
Some of them "Pillars of the State!"
But, why ſhould they this tale diſgrace?
Some other time we'll give them chace,
And, when they think themſelves moſt ſnug,
We'll earth them in the pit they dug;
Though iron cheſts and patent locks
Are forc'd and broke to keep out F-x.

Yet, ſhould it (whilſt I write,) be found
That worth receives a mortal wound;
If a much honour'd * friend ſhould meet
With poor evaſions, low deceit,
And, in ſuch buſineſs the chief actor
Should be a pitiful *C-ntr-ll-r*;

* Theſe lines were written at a time when a general officer of h character and merit was very near being made a ſacrifice to miniſter duplicity and cunning; but the triumph of virtue and honour has be ſince complete.

The undeſerv'd, provoking gaſh
May gall, and make me crack my laſh;
To curſe thoſe kn-ves, who have ſo guided,
And *B*-----*n* from herſelf divided,
(Engines of miſchief, fraud and pride)
E'er ſince the good s-c-ND-s died.

As it was growing rather dark,
TRAY, with that cheerful kind of bark,
Or, if you chuſe it, with that noiſe
By which poor dogs expreſs their joys,
Went ſtraight before them to the place,
Where they juſt ſaw his maſter's face,
And, having ſome time pull'd and tugg'd him,
With difficulty out they lugg'd him:
But, the remembrance of his peſt
Soon brought AVARO to himſelf,
And, thawing what the cold had ſtarch'd,
He nothing ſaid, but off he march'd.

Some inoffenſive, country wag
Had taught a bird to cry "poor *Mag*!"
And many other words to prate,
Regardleſs of it's future fate.
It's grand amuſement was to keep
Ticks, flies and maggots off the ſheep;
Or, ſometimes, with hop, ſkip and jump,
She'd light upon an old ram's rump,

And tell the bloated, oily tup,
That it was high time to get up;
As one concreted filthy lock
Might ſpread diſeaſe throughout the flock;
And, whilſt he dwelt upon his breech,
Poor *Mâg* was at a loſs to reach
The place, and with her pointed bill
Probe and eradicate the ill.
For, *Mâg* poſſeſs'd ſuch penetration,
Few things eſcap'd her obſervation,
And, from her maſter's care, ſhe knew
Exactly what good ſhepherds do.

'Tis for that reaſon, ſhe'd have been
No bad *memento* for a *Dean*;
As to the north, and ſouth of *Humber*,
Your *Dignitaries* moſtly ſlumber;
Save, when engag'd with knife and fork,
At *Durham*, *Wincheſter* and *York*.
Though, to the weſt, the flowery DERRY
Amongſt the *Volunteers* ſeems merry,
And tells them, that his flaming word
Is meant as liberty's bright ſword;
But, ſhould his object be ambition,
Or to foment, and ſow ſedition;
Time may diſcover, ſhould they riſe,
He has been merry, but not wiſe.

Thus

Thus may he reaſon, "What had *Biſhops*
" To do with either ſword or piſtol?
" To my diſcourſe have they attended,
" And are their lives ſo ſtrictly mended,
" That I, their zealous advocate,
" Muſt go back to my *own* eſtate?
" Have I, who am a lord vice-gerent,
" So ill explain'd their rights inherent,
" That I have only to repent
" Telling them whom they repreſent?
" Who could have dreamt ſuch blundering elves
" Should think to repreſent themſelves?
" Abominable! they refuſe
" To pay the *Holy Church* her dues.
" Lo!: their artillery is pointed
" Againſt the very Lord's anointed:
" Our rents and profits are curtail'd,
" Cathedral walls and roofs are ſcal'd:
" Each *Reverend Dean, Right Reverend Biſhop*,
" Is driven from his ſtall, or *his* ſhop;
" All of us are completely joſtled,
" And Iriſhmen no more * *Apoſtled!*

* Though a licenſe is here taken with the Engliſh language, it is hoped that none will think we mean to inſinuate that the members of the church of England are any ways *prieſt-ridden*.

" My breth'ren all aroſt with me hang'd,
" Before I had ſo much harangued."

This may be term'd impertinence,
Or talking in wrong mood and tenſe;
Yet, though ſome critics might chaſtiſe him,
Thus would the *Bard* not ill-adviſe him;
And though, like me, the magpye's maſter
Was but an humble *Poetaſter*,
She'd chatter this, which is a trick worth
Two of all thoſe he learnt at *Iſleworth*,
" Beware, my lord, of war and ſlaughter;
" Nor ever fiſh in troubled water."
Show him *Mag*'s words, before he ventures
To take take the field with his *Diſſenters*:
Nor let his lordſhip fondly hope
DERRY will ever be their *Pope*.

From the humane EUGENIO's roof
Scarce any creature kept aloof;
But, every bird, which choſe it, reſted
Around him, ſafe and unmoleſted.
His lovely partner charg'd each boy
Never to pull down, or deſtroy,
And for the ſongſters hard would beg,
That none might mourn a neſt, or egg.

To

To utter "there thou shalt not live."
Or to take what we cannot give.
He deem'd not man's prerogative.
So far I only mean to shew,
That, though no *Brennus*, or *Genseric*,
Than they, he thought the crime no less,
To kill through pride or wantonness:
And, though for pastime some will follow
That welcome visitor, the swallow
From morn to night, and boast great art, in
Shooting an inoffensive martin;
There is a BEING, in whose sight
He did not think it could seem right.
'Tis possible, his neighbour ——
Such doctrines stiffly would deny;
Though, from his prudence, I suspect
He'd hardly give the *lye direct*.

Well pleas'd to hear of his abuse
Of what my *labours* can produce;
I tell him, that they ne'er gave *birth*
To aught, that's of inferior *worth*:
For, were it not for appetite,
He is himself—ANAKO quite.
E'en as the snarling cur, alone
Delights to tug and gnaw his bone;

So

So does yon deſpicable elf
Survey his tit-bit by himſelf,
Whilſt carefully his door he ſhuts,
To ſatiate his filthy guts.
If gluttony could ſtand the trial
Of abſtinence, or ſelf-denial;
Or, if the love of ſomething nice
Did not prevail o'er avarice;
Of his own perſon did not pride
Forbid him his beſt coat to hide;
Or, if a coxcomb, weak and vain,
Could give a livery quite plain;
In almoſt ev'ry thing you'd ſee
AVARO fit him to a T.
AVARO wanted not a glaſs
To *perſecute* each harmleſs laſs
Who chanc'd to go before his windows,
As he ſat ogling from within doors:
Not being ſubject to the gout,
He rather choſe to prowl without.
AVARO was in frequent ſcuffles;
He therefore, wiſely, wore no ruffles.
His ſhirts were of his wenches ſpinning;
Of courſe, he did not *ſport* fine linen,
Or draw out a vaſt chitterlin
To ornament his greaſy chin.
Clag-locks, and little ſcraps of wool,
Which from the thorns he us'd to pull,

Were

Were ſpun, and ſent to his own weaver:
The ſame materials form'd his beaver:
He, therefore, careleſs of the cock,
Dealt not with COMYNS, or with LOCK.
One, with an aſpect overbearing,
And tongue on all occaſions ſwearing,
For others not one farthing caring,
Is ſeen at ev'ry ſtranger ſtaring
Rudely; inquiſitive to know
From whence they come, or where they go:
AVARO was indifferent
From whence men came, or where they went;
Nor on his clothes would riſque a ſpot
When there was nothing to be got.
It's true, for gain, he'd mix in riot,
But ſought more to live ſnug and quiet;
Nor could his ſpirits bear the din
And uſual hubbub of an inn;
Therefore (more ſecret, prudent wight,)
He took no lodgings oppoſite.

In ſome more points, it's not agreed
Which of the two ſhould take the lead;
And in this inſtance too they vary;
One's ſkin ſeems ſmooth, t'other's was hairy:
With *Holland one* may hide his dirt;
AVARO wore a *Dowlas* ſhirt;

But, in what *conſtitutes* the *Brute*,
Their characters exactly ſuit.

Mâg thought it needleſs quite to ſearch
Amongſt the woodlands, for her perch;
But moſtly ſlept, ſecure from harm,
Somewhere about EVORNIO's farm.
Juſt as it came into her head,
She made a barn, or tree her bed:
But, conſtantly, before ſhe clos'd
Her eyes, and finally repos'd,
Some words ſhe indiſtinctly chanted:
Perhaps, to let them know, if wanted,
Where to be found; 'midſt all her pranks,
Who knows, but 'twas a ſong of thanks,
To ſhow her ſenſible affection
For him, who gave her ſuch protection?

The ſame has been obſerv'd of rooks,
And they, like *Mâg*, conſult no books,
Except that page which all ſhould read
With wonder, as they breathe and feed:
Though, on my conſcience, when they feaſt,
Men ſeem to me, to feel it leaſt.
All earthly creatures thought above
In knowledge and ſupernal love;
Where is the glory, firſt in being
Of animals the deepeſt ſeeing;

What

What mighty purpoſe does it ſerve,
To *ken* each fibre, vein and nerve;
Deſcribe the angle, cube and curve:
Or all the workmanſhip to trace,
That's wrought upon great nature's baſe;
Unleſs you thankfully reflect
On the ſtupendous Architect;
And let that goodneſs be confeſs'd,
Which, by no words can be expreſs'd?

Returning home, with mind perplex'd,
And for his loſs of prey ſore vex'd;
Not having on his ſhelf one bit,
Either for gridiron, or ſpit;
How to procure his nightly fare
Was the firſt ſubject of his care:
And, though it could not be the ſun
Which dried the powder in his gun,
The fickle goddeſs of the night
Juſt riſing to aſſiſt his ſight;
By fell revenge, and hunger, ſpurr'd,
AYARO ſhot a rooſted bird:
Alas! poor *Mag!* the creature cried,
As, ſliding down the tiles, it died.

Spit have I ſaid? oh! there I'm wrong;
Truth ſhould accompany my ſong;

For, though a ſelf-dubb'd country ſquire,
He roaſted with a ſtring and wire,
And, whilſt he ſhiv'ring took his ſeat,
To twirl his ſcanty chop of meat;
By it's own moiſture it was baſted,
Leſt any dripping ſhould be waſted:
And, though by means of gun, or ſnare,
The miſer often got a hare;
Leſt by the ſauce he ſhould be undone,
It always was diſpatch'd to *London*.

Right well the driver of the *Fly*
Knew, by ſome ſign, as he paſs'd by,
If *Puſs* was hid in corner ſly,
And, by agreement, took her up,
That ſome *huge Patriot* might ſup;
Or, that the highly ſeaſon'd *jug*
Might help to paſs off TRUEMAN's mug.
For, wh-remongers, and thoſe who poach,
Find this convenience in a coach,
That they can always, if they pleaſe,
Diſpoſe of their commodities;
As girls and game will fetch their price
In an *Emporium* ſo nice.
But, leſt ſome *Critick*, or rough *Satyr*
Should roar out, "*Unde derivatur?*"
Or, leſt Emporium ſhould puzzle
AVARO's old acquaintance *Nuzzle*!

We'll

We'll ſay, that London is the mart
For all things curious and ſmart;
Waſhes imperial! milk of roſes!
Rows of white *ſnuggers* and *falſe noſes!*
That he may take a ſpeedy trip,
And with a *ſtout* himſelf equip.

None, more than they, have had the art
(Feeling themſelves!) to melt the heart:
But ſpeak! could MASON, or could GRAY,
Paſs too great compliments on TRAY,
Were both alive, and ſhould unite
His faithful hiſtory to write,
And, as a garland for his ſhrine,
Should all their dulcet flow'rs entwine?
Sweets, which retain the morning dew,
Gather'd by * HELEN in *Peru*.
And almoſt to profuſion blowing
In ev'ry line and thought of SCHORN!

Why wiſh, my friend! to hide thy name?
Thy juſtly earn'd poetick fame,
(If elegance can aught avail,)
Muſt, with thy *Veteran Tennaile*,

* Miſs HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, author of a moſt elegant Poem, called *Peru*.

To all poſterity be handed,
Though by a * *Subaltern Diſbanded.*

Well didſt thou judge, in this vile age,
To liſten to that matron ſage,
Who bade thee quit the ſpecious charms,
And trappings of a life of arms.
However bright the tranſient beam
Might to thy glowing fancy ſeem,
However glittering the ſhow,
Believe me, it's a life of woe.

I ſaw, thy gen'rous breaſt would heave
A ſigh, ſome ſocial friends to leave,
(By lordly countenance firſt taken,
As lordly afterwards forſaken,)
Who (quitting each his occupation,)
Themſelves have ruin'd for the nation.
By march, by counter-march, and dreſs,
When ſhe was plung'd into diſtreſs,

* Mr. SCHOEN is the author of a very beautiful poem, called the Diſbanded Subaltern. He was in a regiment of militia very remarkable for the number of noblemen who bore commiſſions in it during the late war; and I am apt to believe, that notwithſtanding his agreeable manners, and ſhining talents, they now treat him with diſtance and reſerve. When he arrives at the top of his profeſſion, they will probably have no objection to own him as an old acquaintance, and be as familiar with him as ever.

And what once gain'd all Europe's wonder,
Was loſt by one continued blunder.
Yes; the remembrance of times paſt
With ſorrow did thy brow o'ercaſt:
But now, the cheerleſs, glooiny ſcene,
Thy mind from all regret would wean,
When ſtriking talents are deſpis'd,
And honeſt merit's ſacrific'd
To dull caprice, or to the *black* will
Of a revengeful, guilty S——t!
When few can proſper, but the tools
Of baſe, deſigning knaves, or fools;
Or, to aſſume command, muſt paſs
The * *laureation* of ſome aſs;
Thought by a miniſter worth paying
For his officious poiſe, or *braying*.
How have we heard him rant and ſpout
Of dragging vile delinquents out;
And when (our juſt reſentment rais'd,
He for his zeal and ardour prais'd,)
We've thought to ſee oppreſſors humbled;
All has gone off, like ſmoke, or *R-mb--d!*

My brave companions! break your ſwords?
Follow the glorious war of words:

* A North Britiſh word, ſignifying a licenſe.

Your

Your breaſts corroborate, and harden:
Nor *lack* the ſpacious lawn, or garden,
Where, by one *Aſiatic* ſtroke,
Pines ſhall ſupplant the Britiſh oak.
Below, if in the verdant dale
Ye pant for the luxurious ſail;
Your *tuneful* periods ſhall call
The *mouths* of *Ganges*, from *Bengal*.
Oh thou, my SCHORN! born to ſhine,
Only where honour marks the line;
'Tis for thy name more glorious far,
Thy country hails thee to the bar;
That thou, who others ſhalt excel
In ſpeaking, as in writing well,
Her freedom's champion may'ſt ſtand,
And may'ſt confine yon *venal band*;
Thoſe ſlaves to *ruffians*, at whoſe ſpoils,
And *purpoſely fermented* broils,
Each ſtream of *Hindoſtan* recoils!

Such, ſuch, my friend! be thy purſuit,
And this, foretold, ſhall be the fruit:
" That angel form, whoſe ſoft regard
You deem true merit's beſt reward;
Emblem of ev'ry grace divine,
And for whoſe worth, not wealth, you pine;

But,

But, of whoſe fortune if poſſeſs'd,
With affluence you would be bleſs'd;
Shall to thy ſuit reſign her charms,
With all the *Heaven* that's in her arms.

Too weak to reach that diſtant vale
Where ſprings the aromatick gale;
Herbs, which no fragrant odours breathe,
With weeds, and nettles too, I wreathe:
Nor worthy of the muſe's choice
To wake the * Dorian reed to voice,
Conſcious, the wiſh'd for palm I yield
To ev'ry ſwain that flutes a field;
Owning this inharmonious ſtrain
The humbleſt piper's of the plain,
Without excepting his, who whiſtles
The praiſe of *roſes*, and of *thiſtles*;
And of thoſe blazing *ſtars* the *Nidus*
Reflecting rays—from † *Georgium Sidus*.

Yet, if in artleſs ſong I ſtate
The animal's unhappy fate;

* *Vide* the concluſion of Mr. MASON's garden.

† Nothing diſrepectful is here intended againſt nobility, or the fountain of honours; but, ſycophants and groſs flatterers cannot be too much ridiculed, or deſpiſed.

I doubt not, honeſt TRAY'll excuſe
The efforts of a *ſorry* muſe,
As they may tend, perhaps, to jog
The mind of ſome too faithful dog;
Or ſerve the purpoſe of a hâtchment,
To ſhow my grief for his attachment:
And, though ſome ſordid, mean *curmudgeon*,
Perchance, may take theſe lines in dudgeon;
Yet, they can never caſt a ſtur
Too black—upon the *human cur*.

Know then, AVARO, though he bred him,
Since he was pupp'd, had never fed him;
But, as each evening home he came
After his ſport, fatigued and lame,
(For, like his maſter, he'd no corns
To guard his feet againſt the thorns,)
Out he was kick'd, and turn'd adrift,
Juſt where he could to make a ſhift:
E'en in the barn he might not lay,
Leſt he ſhould ſoil a lock of hay:
And, as the *Miſer's* common fuel
Was dung, to *ſmoke* his ſervant's gruel;
Lime, peat, and cow-dung (nothing novel!)
With broken glaſs, took up the hovel.
There might, indeed, be ſome few ſticks,
With, here and there, ſome bits of bricks;

Cargo, not brought on drays, or fledges;
But pick'd from neighbour's walls and hedges.
Therefore, TRAY's uſual abode
At night, was near the common road,
In hopes ſome labourer might come,
And, in the morning, toſs his crumb.

One morn, as day began to peep,
He was ſeen feaſting on a ſheep,
Which ſheep, moſt likely, he had found
Dead, or by accident 'twas drown'd,
And (I can ſcarce go on for grief,)
No TRAY was nigh, to fetch relief!

AVARO never could diſcover
How TRAY ſhould be a mutton-lover;
At leaſt, by what I underſtand,
Unleſs it were at ſecond-hand;
For, 'twas the monſter's vile intent,
The dog ſhould live on excr-m-nt!
That too the wretch would have denied him,
Had not his neighbours ſo ſupplied him;
That all to him with one accord
Paid tribute, as their *Mon-re* Lord;
But, from ſociety expell'd him,
Through the contempt in which they held him.

Some-

Some-how it happ'ned, information
Was given on this curs'd occaſion,
That TRAY was ſeen it's throat to pluck,
And afterwards it's blood to ſuck.
Moſt people thought it was ſome ſcheme
To draw the miſer's purſe; who'd dream
That any mortal could cry nay,
When call'd on for the ſheep to pay?
And this ſame wretch had oft avow'd,
That to his dog his life he ow'd:
But, that could only be, to ſhow
What to none elſe he'd deign to owe.
To all believers in religion
He would apply the name of pidgeon:
All thoughts of truſt in providence
He ridicul'd, as void of ſenſe:
To him the manifold example
Was proof, and argument moſt ample;
For, ſee we not, each daring rogue
Is held in high repute and vogue,
Who, to increaſe his ſtock centuple,
Has never entertain'd a *ſcruple?*
He probably might think, 'twas rude
To talk of thanks, or gratitude,
Becauſe, EUGENIO never heard
That he expreſs'd one ſingle word.
We can't ſuppoſe, he felt much hurt
At ſlight from ſuch a *lump* of dirt,

Or

Or that he was the leaſt ſurpriz'd
To ſee his ſervices deſpis'd
By thoſe, whoſe thoughts aſcend no higher
Than juſt as wealth, or want inſpire.

His, who beholds each inmoſt thought,
Not man's applauſe, was what he ſought:
He judg'd, that honeſt PRAY was ſent,
(Himſelf too made) an inſtrument
Of the Almighty's care, to ſhow
How wide his tender mercies flow,
And his avenging hand how ſlow!
In him, moſt ſtrongly, was implanted
The wiſh to ſuccour all who wanted,
And liberally to diſpenſe
The bounteous gifts of providence;
But, often, in the good he did,
The hand, from which it went, was hid:
His views were of a noble nature:
They were to pleaſe his high Creator.

I ſhould conclude, of courſe, he knew
REYNOLDS, and thence his pattern drew:
That he was good, for virtue's ſake,
In all things emulating DRAKE:
To perfectneſs he drew ſo nigh,
It muſt be there, he fix'd his eye!

If ever 'twas to man allotted
To bear a character unſpotted,
By following cloſe his Maker's plan,
TROTTER, thou waſt the very man.

Whether on earth he draws his breath,
Or (victim firſt to cruel death,)
He's to ſublimer regions flown,
At preſent muſt not be made known:
But, what through force is now conceal'd,
Some other time, may be reveal'd.
Thus far I'll ſay—"Such virtues fill
A little man of *Farley* Hill
(Be ſure you don't one letter alter,
And make it mine!) whoſe name is WALTER."
Bright Sol, in all his ſpacious round,
Scarce ſees a man, where more abound.

Ye! who ſo long remain'd beneath
The *mildew'd canvas at Coxheath*;
Next year, confin'd to peaceful parley,
And *dancing rigadoons*, at *Worley*;
But, whoſe aſpiring ardour ſought
The foe's approach, and might have fought,
As brave as *Marlborough*, at *Blenheim*,
Let looſe from *Hill* and *Hole* at *Lenham*:
Who're now repos'd on pleaſure's couch:
I call on you this truth to vouch.

Few

Few of you boaſt more noble birth,
None of you *can* ſuperior worth;
With pleaſing retroſpect attend him;
And join with SENSUM, to commend him.
I muſt endeavour to get back,
And to purſue my former track,
But, I'm afraid (ſo oft I've croſs'd,
The main road, and ſo badly *horſ'd*,)
Unleſs my *ambling ſteed* I flog,
I ne'er ſhall overtake the *dog*.

His heart is harder than a rock,
Who'd not have paid for a whole flock,
Or, if he could not furniſh bail,
Spent his whole life-time in a jail,
Though he ſhould be for ever after
Of ſenſeleſs fools the mock and laughter,
E'er *he* ſhould ſuffer, who had ſav'd
His life, though he had miſbehav'd;
Or had been tempted—to commit
A treſpaſs, by a hungry fit.
But, all men (for example ſake,)
Love not their dogs, as I do MAKE,
Whom (now his hey-days o'er,) I call
(Grown old myſelf,) my poor *old Nell*:
And, as he's full as much attach'd,
I think with TRAY he's not ill-match'd:

But,

But, rather let me die, like PHARAOH
And all his hoſt; than live AVARO!
Or, if that fact we don't agree on,
Let me be eat up, like ACTÆON,
Who once on nimble-footed nag,
And in purſuit of fox, or ſtag,
(In the *hiſtoria profana*)
Is ſaid to have ſurpris'd DIANA
As ſhe was paddling in the deep;
Or turn'd his head, to take a peep:
When, by ſo ſudden an intruſion,
The goddeſs (thrown into confuſion,)
With *hiſſing hot* reſentment warm'd,
Commanded him to be transform'd.

Ye! with ſuch heads and judgments clear!
Who give opinions without fear:
Say! was it that he drew too near,
That he was chang'd into a deer;
Nor ſooner by the wood-nymphs view'd
Than, at their *whóóp*, he was purſued,
Over the hills and vallies hurried,
And by his *old acquaintance* worried?
One would have ſworn (ſo keen their ſcent,
So certain of the ground they went)

The major part of his purſuers
Had been——a *parcel* of * *Reviewers*!
I own, I cannot find out, whence
She had ſuch cauſe to take offence;
For one ſo ſcrupulouſly chaſte,
Surely, took care to hide her waiſt;
And, doubtleſs, he'd been ſtruck with thunder,
Could he have ogled what was under.

It is not right, I muſt confeſs,
Thus from my ſtory to digreſs,
But, let not the well-meaning joke,
Good ſenſe, or modeſty provoke;
As here I wiſh to learn, which you
Of thoſe two ſtories think moſt true,
And to preſcribe an *analeptick*,
Should you be infidel or ſceptick.
Though, probably, you'll grudge the tax,
And ſet me down amongſt the *quacks*.
For, ſtateſmen have ſuch *fellow-feeling*,
(No matter what it is we deal in,)
That *James's pills*, of living fame,
With thoſe that kill are tax'd the ſame.
Though full four hundred Doctor *G-lb-rts*
Stint her in apples, pears and filberts;

* It is by no means certain whether the author here alludes to the *Monthly Reviewers*, the *Engliſh Reviewers*, or to any of thoſe who are called *Reviewing Generals*; but he has been particularly careful not to uſe the word *pack*, leſt any of them ſhould be taken for a ſet of *blood-hounds*.

Though that *moſt politic purveyor*,
Or careful meal and carcaſe weigher,
(Unfeeling for a gracious Queen,
In hands and heart moſt pure and clean)
Majeſtic dignity curtails
Of * *lemon juice*, to waſh her nails;
With daily impoſts they ſo crowd her;
Fair ALBION ſinks! for want of *powder!*
My promiſe then let me fulfil,
And recommend——the following pill.

" Know this, oh man! that at his nod,
The ſeas obey the living God;
That at his frown, or word terrific,
Storms will ariſe in the *Pacific*;
Or, if he thinks fit, man to chide,
The great *Atlantic* ſhall divide,
Flow eaſt and weſt with parting tide,
And with loud ſurges overwhelm
The *ſaucy pilots* at the helm
Of each contending, ſenſeleſs realm.
If pleas'd, obedient to his will,
All ſhall again be calm and ſtill.
For, in his ſight all nations muſt
Seem, but as particles of duſt,

* It is a circumſtance which may not be generally known; but I have heard from pretty good authority, that among other ſavings in the royal houſehold, Mr. G-LB-RT when he was told that her majeſty uſed two lemons a day to waſh her fingers ends; ordered one of them to be ſtruck off for the future, ſaying, " *One was enough for the purpoſe.*"

And, what his goodneſs did create,
His right arm can annihilate.
That, though his condeſcending care
Counts all the numbers of our hair,
Yet, in his great and mighty ſenſe,
He and he only, is immenſe!"

Then, ſhall not ſuch a leſſon teach
To *man*, who boaſts the gift of ſpeech;
Who thinks that *man* alone is heir
To the Eternal's grace and care;
That he, who with all-ſeeing eyes
Each *atom*, and *it's* thoughts deſcries,
Will not paſs by (without remark)
Fidelity, in *dogs*, who bark?
Huſh then, oh ſelf-important! huſh!
Purſue this little tale, and bluſh!

The owner ſoon TRAY's maſter met,
And call'd upon him for the debt,
Or the dog's life muſt pay the coſt
For the poor, ſcabby ſheep he loſt:
'Twas juſt a crown: AVARO ſaw
The bogs and quickſands of the law;
And, as he dreaded even thinking,
How he ſhould 'ſcape a ſecond ſinking,
At once, by his ſagacious lord
Poor TRAY was ſentenc'd to the cord!

Inhabi-

Inhabitants of finer clay?
I can conceive what ye will say
On this catastrophe of TRAY:
But, speak out, oh ye learn'd logicians!
Philosophers! metaphysicians!
And ye profound mathematicians
Who nature's grand arcana search!
And ye divines, of ev'ry church!
Ye, who explore, with so much ease,
Creation's deepest mysteries!
If to a *dog* ye can descend,
And him, who order'd that dog's end,
Let me beseech you, sirs! to tell
(If you'll admit the parallel,
When in your minds this case you roll:)
Which of the two possess'd a soul?
Our story we might further stretch,
With the base actions of the wretch;
And artless truth would lend her thong,
Still more to lash the knave, in song;
The monster, in a human frame!
Nor should we run much risque of blame,
When in pursuit of lawful game.
Yet, nothing more shall now appear,
Than (what I vow, I'm glad to hear)
That he who ne'er unlock'd his chest,
But for unlawful interest,
(By sharpers, not long since, outwitted,)
Died on a dunghill, and unpitied.

F I N I S.